

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 22 to 24 East 22d St., New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 24 East 22d St., New York.
J. AUGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 24 East 22d St., New York.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 24 East 22d St., New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1879, under No. 100,000, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.
One Year.....\$2.50 One Year.....\$2.50
One Month......25 One Month......25
VOLUME 55.....NO. 19,506

A TRUST BETRAYED.

THE people of New York have spent millions on the Public Service Commission of this district only to find that somehow faith has not been justified nor hopes realized.

When the Commission was created seven and a half years ago it seemed the ideal champion and protector of the public against grasping corporations engaged in exploiting public needs. To-day the public finds itself more than ever alone. Disasters, disclosures of faulty equipment and slipshod railroad methods on city lines have revealed more than the negligence of managers and directors. They have driven home the bitter truth that servants upon whom the public most relied have slipped their allegiance and struck hands with the corporations.

The name Public Service Commission surely implies high distinction of honor, responsibility and trust. A Public Service Commission that belies and degrades that name cannot be too quickly dissolved and reorganized. A civic experiment gone wrong is worse than wasted. Continued, it breeds cynicism and corruption.

Secretary Bryan frankly expresses his desire that every "deserving Democrat" shall have a job. Is this still another Unemployment Bureau?

NO LEADERS WANTED.

THAT the "parade of 20,000 unemployed" scheduled to march from Brooklyn yesterday arrived at the City Hall just twenty-five strong is a hopeful sign. Hopeful because it proves that the jobless have not, as on other occasions, organized to remain jobless, to loaf in public places, to applaud the mouthings of professional agitators, to break into churches, to breathe foolish curses against law and order.

Joseph J. Ettor, arch-"organizer" and leader, has arrived in town to proclaim the I. W. W. "pre-eminently the organization to take the lead in the cause of the unemployed." His talk if less violent than usual is no less significant: "If the capitalists and their Government refuse the demand for steady work, let the workers insist that their right to life is paramount to every consideration. Let them take whatever measures may be necessary to obtain food, clothing and shelter until such time as the employing class yields to their demand."

New York has not forgotten what I. W. W. leadership means. It recalls experiences of last year with shame and indignation. The best it can wish those out of work at present is continued courage and good sense to resist the blandishments of professional exploiters of misfortune.

Bombs menace the art treasures of Northern Europe. Earthquakes crumble the monuments of ancient Rome. Better if more of these precious things HAD come to us!

THEATRE TICKET EXTORTION.

TWO bills introduced this week in the Assembly at Albany are aimed at theatre ticket speculators. One makes it a misdemeanor to sell theatre seats at a price higher than the box-office rate, which must be printed on each ticket. The other would establish a license fee for agencies that sell theatre tickets outside the box-office.

These measures may at least remind New Yorkers how excited they were about theatre ticket extortion last spring and how peacefully they are letting the speculators mulct them now. For two popular musical pieces now running under the same manager it is impossible to buy good seats for a month or more ahead save from two or three favored speculators. Prices quoted are the highest that ever prevailed for any length of time for theatre tickets in this city. Seven dollars, five dollars, four dollars, according to location, is commonly asked. Agencies that keep tickets for the convenience of the public, charging an advance of fifty cents over the regular price, have none of these seats.

Could one or two ticket sharks control the best part of the orchestra for weeks ahead unless the theatre manager specially favored these speculators from the box-office rack?

It may be a dull theatrical season. But theatre-goers who must have musical comedy are being outrageously "trimmed" for the profit of a few ticket sharps and maybe a manager.

A New York hotel man says he is tired of serving a show with a highball. A good many New Yorkers are tired of eating in Bedlam. Why not get together?

Hits From Sharp Wits

Lots of men who boast of their cold tub in the morning kick like steers when a woman leaves the front door of the car open in wet weather.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

If a man does not care about waiting his time, the best way he can do it is to talk about when the war will end. The subject is a fine time consumer.—New Orleans States.

Right is right, but might may be anything.

Some people regard an accumulation of rubbish as an evidence of work; some as the presence of cholera; some as a sign of a bad character.—Nashville Banner.

Low instincts and high aims are rarely found in the same person.

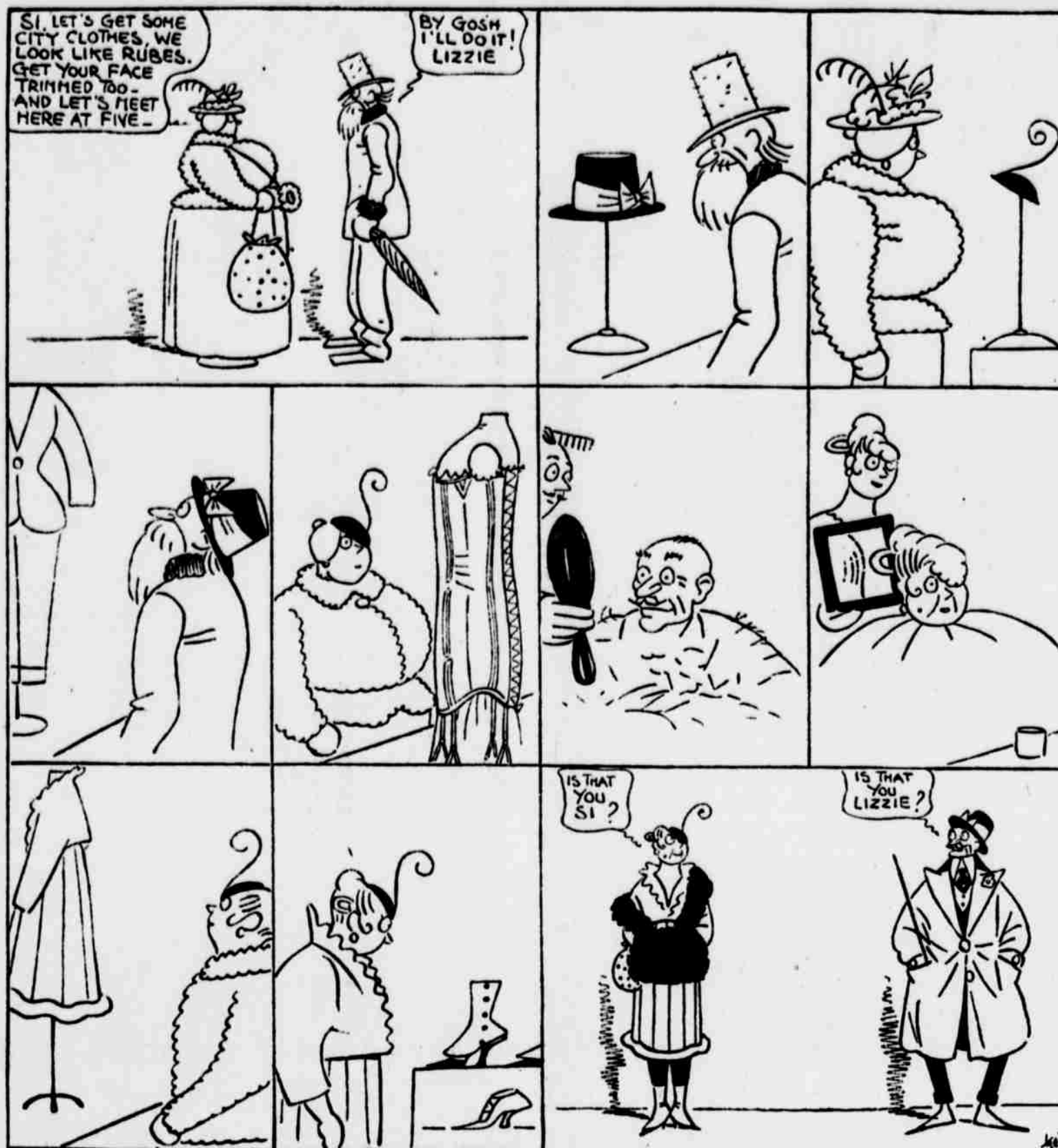
Letters From the People

A Postal Grievance.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
What is the reason of "at home" letters? Thousands of invitation cards are sent out for these affairs in small envelopes. And some of these cards do not reach their destination. They are lost or they are thrown away or if it is possible they are not even opened. I don't know. But the fact is that a number of the cards are never delivered, although they are paid for.

W. B. SIDER.

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).
MR. JARR did not dance at all at the grand ball for the benefit of the Human Uniques (put out of business by the movies).

Conscience twinged Mr. Jarr. He tried to justify his presence by the recollection that Mrs. Jarr had been cross to him without cause; when, as he said to himself—confusedly remembering a standard maxim of Gals'—he had been "as innocent as a chicken come home to roost."

But, for all that, Mr. Jarr wasn't having a good time.

Neither was his friend, Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston, poet and philosopher. Nobody ever loved a fat man; but oh, how a fat lady can love!

At her first glimpse of the poet, all of Fatima's pent up affection burst its bounds. It was love at first sight for Fatima. Mr. Michael Hogan, the little old Irish bachelor, who, as Mr. Jarr had been informed, boarded with Fatima's brother Fritz, the shipping clerk, was also most unhappy. He loved Fatima as madly as Fatima loved the poet Dinkston.

But Doc Diamond Jack was happy. He was spending his money on wine and showing his diamonds to the admiring Human Uniques.

"Oh, yes, I know it is vulgar to wear diamonds," remarked the Indian medicine man, "but I notice that them as has 'em wears 'em. And the bigger the blocks the more the boobies blink it!"

"They say only gamblers and the Jones wear diamonds, but I don't care. Anyway, when I marry that certain party I was telling you of—as soon as we both get our divorces—(you know, the little blonde wren, what was raised innocent of the world out in Chi.)—she falls for a short change artist, a shell worker that followed the Barknot out—why, I'll give 'em to her!"

And Fatima was happy, very, very happy. Whether it was from love or whether it was the laughter of the

These are the words of a twenty-two-year-old Southern girl who is suing her seventy-six-year-old millionaire husband for separation on account of his cruelty in making her a "housewife flower." She further complains that he is a "stupid old man" and that she has had no fun in life. I think that is the answer to whether a young girl should wed a man so much older.

Often in these columns I have derided such deplorable alliances which in nearly every case end in divorce. I do not know of anything that is more against nature than when a

Mr. Jarr, for Once, Hates to Go Home, But He Is Not Likely to Get There

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).
Bubbles of the champagne the ostentatiously hospitable Diamond Jack insisted all partake of—Fatima was happy.

"For what do we care for the world, dolling?" she asked. "We are soul mates! Shoot some more poetry at me, dearie, and remember it can't come too much on the mush for me!"

Mr. Dinkston murmured that he could not recite any more poetry, he had to keep his throat constantly moist, by the doctor's orders. He spoke truly, for Doc Diamond Jack was the physician he meant.

"Then I'm gonna sing to yuh," presh! declared the lovelorn Fatima. "Don't you mind the push; they're all getting jingled. As for your friend wanting to go home, home was never like this!" And she endeavored to lift Mr. Dinkston up onto her lap. She might have succeeded, too, despite the interference of Mr. Michael Hogan, whom she pushed over with her foot—only, alas, Fatima had no lap.

"I'll sing to you, dearie," she repeated hastily. And raising her voice to a husky contralto she closed her eyes and swayed back and forth with her arm around the shrinking poet and sang:

"I dreamt my dear old mother was a queen,
She wore the finest crown you ever seen.
I think of them happy days
When I dreamt my dear old mother was a queen!"

Then she burst into tears.

"Really," cried Mr. Jarr, "really, we MUST go!" But, holding the slender poet in one arm, Fatima fought off the rescue party like a lady berserker. One sweep of her hand-like hand and down would go friends, fellow breakers and even her dear brother Fritz, the shipping clerk.

"You gotta let her have her own way," said Fritz finally. "She won't hurt the poor girl intentionally, but you can't tell what will happen to him if she puts him between her and the wall that way and if we crowd her!"

The Marriage of Youth and Old Age

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).
A girl of eighteen marries a man of seventy. Invariably, it is the marriage of money, and the cases are rare indeed when any good comes of it. It is bad enough for a girl to marry (just for money and its advantages) a man near her own age. In this case she has at least a fighting chance for happiness. They may learn to love each other or there may be a splendid friendship between them or some sort of comradeship may develop that lasts.

They see life, as a general thing, through the same age-spectacles.

What Every Woman Thinks

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).
As to the Color of the Feminine Soul.

"WHAT color are you affecting to-day?" inquired the Bachelor, smiling enigmatically at the Widow, as he reached for a cigarette.

"Why—MR. Weatherby!" exclaimed the Widow in an injured tone, rubbing her cheek with a filmy handkerchief. "Oh, I don't mean what is the brand of your complexion," the Bachelor hastened to reassure her. "I mean what is the particular color of your soul? I've discovered," he added, with the air of one imparting wisdom, "that every woman IS a distinctive 'color'—and by her color shall ye know her!"

"Wonderful! But who is she?" asked the Widow. "Who is who?" inquired the Bachelor, trying to look nonchalant. "The girl who is so full of 'color' that you have actually noticed it." "Oh—er, never mind her," returned the Bachelor, with overdone indifference. "But, I was just thinking that there are women one might call 'golden girls'—women who scintillate and sparkle, like the sunlight on a daisy field; who actually seem to light up a room as they enter it—witty, breezy, buoyant, smiling women, with dazzling, dancing eyes; women who ought to dress for ever in cloth of gold!"

"Yes," agreed the Widow appreciatively, "and there are dark blue women, who go about perpetually wrapped in gloom, and always seem to bring a cloud into the room with them as they enter it."

Portable Cloud-Machines.

"YOU mean 'blue-stockings'?" queried the Bachelor with a shudder. "No," sighed the Widow. "I mean noble, serious-minded women, with 'missions' and things, who go around looking for flaws and troubles, and something to 'reform,' and who do their duty so determinedly that it actually hurts."

"Oh, well," returned the Bachelor, cheerfully, "one can avoid them, once one understands the feminine color scheme; and just think of all the women who are 'like the red, red rose,' as the song goes—exotic, glowing, dreamy women, with warm brown eyes and perfumed voices!"

"Perfumed voices?" repeated the Widow, wonderingly. "Voices," insisted the Bachelor, "that are as sweet as Oriental perfumes, and twice as alluring; women who seem to fill a room with the fragrance of roses and dew, and remind you of still, silent, gorgeous Southern moonlit nights, and jessamine, and violins, and all things exotic and dangerous; and he sighed as he blew a cloud of smoke ceiling-ward.

"Oh, THEY aren't dangerous!" the Widow reassured him. "The dangerous women are the pale baby-blue and baby-pink women—the kind that men always marry, because they never get on the nerves, but who fade right out in the wash of domesticity, and remain a dull drab-color for the rest of their lives, and bore their husbands, like a music box with only one tune."

"Perhaps," acquiesced the Bachelor, "but even they are better than the Scotch-plaid women."

"The—what?" "The loud and noisy kind, who are a little of everything and not much of anything, but a sort of color-hash that tires your eyes and wracks your sensibilities," explained the Bachelor. "Yes, I better than the 'old rose' women, the artificial products, who shine up under the candle light in the most deceptive way, but look hard and faded and old and weary in the cold, gray dawn of morning."

The Chameleon-Girl's Charm.

"THE candle-shades that the masculine moth mistakes for the flame!" laughed the Widow. "I should say that they were the really dangerous kind!"

"Not at all!" corrected the Bachelor, emphatically. "The really dangerous, and most fascinating of all women is the chameleon woman! The woman who is never the same color two days or two hours in succession, but always a fresh and beautiful surprise—baby-blue when a chap is tired and needs soothing, golden when he needs cheering, jaqueline when he's feeling romantic or sentimental, and indigo when he needs a moral uplift. That's the kind of woman for ME!"

"Of course!" scoffed the Widow with a mocking smile. "That's what every man wants. A whole rainbow in one! A whole harem in one woman! Everything for the price of one wife!"

"There you go again!" exclaimed the Bachelor, gazing at her admiringly. "That's the seventh time since this conversation began!" "The seventh what, Mr. Weatherby?" "The seventh color you've turned in the last half hour—you chameleon!" And then, as if to prove his assertion, the Widow turned a charming rose-pink.

Chapters from a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).
CHAPTER CXXIII.

SCARCELY know how to tell it. Tell of the wonderful wave of happiness that swept over me, when Mr. Flam told me his plans had worked out successfully, and that he hoped Jack would be free in less than a month. He then took a few moments to tell me something of the particulars: how he had seen the Governor, how Mr. Haywood and Senator Crispin had thrown the weight of their influence in Jack's favor, and how glad and happy Jack was.

"Of course he is a little fearful of his reception," Mr. Flam told me, "but I assured him I would stand beside him as long as he did right, and that there were others willing to promise the same. The boy shall have another chance, Susan, a fair chance. I am positive he will redeem himself. One month would be scarcely time enough to make ready for Jack's home-coming. First, I must find an apartment, or if I should be so fortunate, a house."

"Did you find what you wanted, Susan?" Mr. Flam asked me on Monday.

"No—although I found one or two that could be made to answer for awhile."

"Well, I went house hunting, too," "You?" I gasped in surprise.

"I found a small detached house in the outskirts of Brooklyn. There is a little garden, and a yard for the children. It will be a good thing for Jack to make a garden. It will help him recover his health."

"That sounds delightful!" "The rent is twenty-five dollars a month, and with coal and lights added, I figure it will cost you about thirty-five a month. Should I not advise taking it? I hardly believe you could do better for a family of your size."

"I'm sure I couldn't! If you will tell me how to get there I'll go when my work is over."

"I will take you over. I told the agent to meet us. You see I wanted to look at it before you committed yourself to anything else."

After riding through Brooklyn, past rows of houses, into the section less after day, and many a longing look did she cast at the young folks of her own age, as in laughter and jollity they passed by.

Before the trip was over this young woman confided to me that she longed to get back among her friends, the boys and girls who had grown up with her, etc.

She said that the fascination of riches and the glamour of being mistress of millions had been too strong for her—that the every-minute companionship of three months, with a man who could not possibly understand her youthful ideas of life, because he had passed through it, then, made her already question the wisdom of the step she had taken for "better or for worse."

No, it can't be done, successfully. Something MUST be sacrificed. And the saddest thing in all the world is to stifle youth before it has had its full joyous period, at the behest of old age and Mammon.

"I shall buy the house, then sell it the lease made out as I suggested Mrs. Coolidge will sign it."

After the agent went out Mr. Flam said to me:

"I shall buy the house, then sell it to you. You will be under no obligations. I shall simply take a larger mortgage than another would, but I shall exact the same interest. You agree to meet us. You see I wanted to look at it before you committed yourself to anything else."

After riding through Brooklyn, past rows of houses, into the section less